

# THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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Total Copies of The Herald Printed in April, 1908.

1	8,397,166	8,644
2	8,651,171	8,651
3	8,490,178	8,655
4	8,790,179	17,801
5	15,000,229	8,657
6	8,648,231	8,654
7	8,841,222	8,651
8	8,640,222	8,652
9	8,655,224	8,646
10	8,650,225	8,647
11	8,653,226	17,510
12	15,000,227	8,652
13	8,650,228	8,655
14	8,643,229	8,654
15	8,656,230	8,653
Average on week days		8,702
Average Sunday		17,953

## WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Fair.  
Silver—37.44c per ounce.  
Copper (cathodes)—12.16c per pound.  
Lead—\$4.12 1/2 per 100 pounds.

## PERNICIOUS FORCES IN POLITICS

Two peculiar features are worth noting in connection with the state Republican convention of Thursday: one was the expert arithmetic used in counting the vote of the Salt Lake delegation for Smoot and Looe; the other was the iron-clad combination of federal office-holders and church officials which ran the affair for the machine.

As it happened, the extra votes counted for the Provo candidates were not needed, but those members of the Salt Lake delegation who voted against both Provo men are still wondering why the total failed to show correctly. The chairman of the delegation is said to have discovered his error—after the result was announced—and to have remedied it in the secretary's records; but the report given to the newspaper men and verified by them from the secretary's tally showed that Looe had received the entire Salt Lake vote and Smoot had received all but one. In view of the fact that a number of the delegates declare they voted otherwise, the conclusion is obvious that somebody juggled the figures.

Obviously the original announcement showed an overwhelming triumph for the machine and was calculated to show that even the insurgents had voted for the very men they had been fighting openly in the convention. Whatever the purpose in doctoring the figures, it was a foolish move, although its authors may have thought they would "need the votes." The only result was to anger the protestants, to show that there was no intention of giving them a square deal, and to advertise widely the determination of the machine to control the convention at any cost. All this, too, when, as the event proved, there was no need of any such skulduggery.

The second, and the main feature of the proceedings, was the scandalous combination of federal officials and church ecclesiastics which dominated the gathering. The United States marshal, the collector of customs, the district attorney, the postmasters of Salt Lake, of Provo, of Pleasant Grove and of Lehi, with possibly others, were foremost in running the machine. If there ever had been any serious belief in Roosevelt's civil service proclamation or of his good faith in enforcing the law, that belief would have been dispelled by the action of the federal office-holders' syndicate in the convention. Supposedly appointed to serve all the people, they have been devoting their time for weeks to manipulation of primaries and preliminary arrangements to control the convention, to the neglect of their public duties and in sordid defiance of executive orders.

No less noticeable was the presence and activity of numerous bishops and a stake president at the head of delegations in the convention—all active in behalf of Smoot and his slate. If B. H. Roberts had asked for an illustration of what he meant when he wrote his letter pointing out the objections to ecclesiastical activity in political affairs, it could not have been furnished him more aptly or forcibly.

Every one of the church officials who was so active in the convention has under his ecclesiastical jurisdiction say a thousand souls or more. They include Republicans and Democrats, some of the Republicans are strongly opposed to Senator Smoot and the machine he has built up in politics. Do they think church leaders suppose that these men regard their political manipulations with indifference? Do they suppose they can maintain their hold on the affection and loyalty of their church members as effectively as if they were not in politics? Don't they know they are imperiling the value of their service to the church by their appearance in politics? And isn't it true that just such combinations as worked in the convention are responsible for much of the antagonism and bitterness which has distracted the state for years past?

All of these questions have been answered, directly or indirectly, by Mr. Roberts, whose loyalty as a churchman and authority as a spokesman will not be questioned. It is no reply to say that the bishops and stake presidents find warrant for their action in the political prominence of Mr. Smoot, himself their ecclesiastical superior. What

Mr. Roberts said of him applies with almost equal force to the men who merged their religious office in their political ambition at Thursday's convention. The protests against their participation in active politics are not often so strong as Mr. Roberts', nor do many of the protestants record openly the sentiments they express freely in private; but the fact remains that the feeling is strong against such practices, it is growing fast and it is certain to take form ultimately in some such rule as Mr. Roberts suggests, which will be adopted prohibiting the high ecclesiasts of the church from appearing in conventions or as candidates for office; and the rule will be adopted for the preservation of the church's influence for good with its own members, if for no other reasons.

## PUNISHMENT FOR MURDERERS.

While the governor of Kentucky is considering the question of a pardon for Caleb Powers and Jim Howard, accused of the assassination of Governor Goebel, and the pardon board of Idaho is preparing to commute the sentence of Harry Orchard, who has confessed the murder of former Governor Stuenkel and a long series of diabolical crimes, the whole country has been startled by the horrifying discoveries on the Guinness farm, near La Porte, Ind., a barber's apprentice in Brooklyn arises in the morning, cuts the throats of three journeymen and attempts to slay the proprietor of the shop and his wife; a limited train is dynamited near Butte, Mont., and three souls are hurled into eternity; an aged pawnbroker is butchered in fiendish manner at Portland, Ore., by an opium fiend; Express Messenger Charles H. Wright is murdered in his car on the Rio Grande between Salt Lake and Denver. These are but a few of the crimes which have occurred in the last few days. Only a short time ago a priest was slain at the altar in Denver, and soon after the news was flashed over the country that a bomb intended for the New York police had exploded prematurely in the hands of an anarchist in a crowded park in New York.

In view of the red record of the recent past it appears to the average citizen about time to call a halt upon the too free exercise of the pardoning power, whether the motive be political or financial. While justice should not be tempered with mercy, the effect of lightening the punishment of human monsters upon those inclined to career of crime should be taken into consideration. Are not their hands nerved to desperate deeds by the thought that the vilest of criminals often escape the gallows or even a long term in prison owing to the imbecility of juries, the ignorance of courts, the weakness of pardoning boards and the indifference of the public generally, who have no personal interest in any given case.

Joe Garcia, the slayer of Policeman Ford in this city, was shot by Seattle detectives as soon as sighted. Does any sane man believe the officers should have approached the desperado and attempted his capture at the risk of their lives? No, no. Garcia was a wild animal, beyond the pale of the law, and it was eminently proper for the representatives of the law to shoot him first and arrest him afterwards. There was no need of risking other human lives in his case. Why, then, spare Orchard, the blood of whose numerous victims soaks the ground in many states?

One more thought in this connection. It was not an edifying spectacle presented by the Kentucky state Republican convention when a premature report was received that Howard and Powers had been pardoned. Cheers rent the air for many minutes, a collection was taken up for Powers and a boom for congress launched for the man who had been not only once, but several times convicted of complicity in the murder of Goebel. Is it not time that swift justice is meted out to those who redden their hands with the blood of their fellow men? Let us balance the scales equally, but at the same time insist that the public welfare imperatively demands that no interference with just retribution be allowed.

**THE GALVESTON PLAN.**  
The mills of the gods are very busy with the destinies of Salt Lake just now, and the coming reform is written in large letters through the chronicle of current events. The adoption of the Galveston plan is being forced by its enemies, and if the friends of that movement were in control of the situation they could produce no chain of events pointing more inexorably to that expedient as the civic salvation of this community.

The city now has an overdraft in its general expense funds amounting to more than \$250,000. The administration is proposing an additional bond issue, and is making no adequate attempt to create a sinking fund to take care of bonds already issued. These conditions are forced home to the public in the face of a tax rate that is already oppressive, with the prospect of wholesale increase in the assessed valuation of business property.

There is little wonder then that the suspicion of graft attaches to the present administration of city affairs. It was not at all surprising when the pastor of one of the leading churches of the city promised to give specific information concerning the abuse of public office and the betrayal of public trust. Whether this preacher makes good with his assertions or not, the fact that the city's business is being woefully, if not criminally, mismanaged is patent to every observer of municipal affairs. The \$20,000 fiasco of the special auditors and the return of George A. Sheets to a position of re-

sponsibility in the police department are recent instances of the council's flagrant disregard for public opinion.

It has been said often by opponents of the Galveston plan that the system was adopted in the stress of a great emergency, as though that were an argument against the use of the plan in Salt Lake. If this city isn't facing a great emergency right now, it will be confronted by such a condition long before the convening of the next legislature gives another opportunity for the adoption of the Galveston remedy.

Incidentally it might be in order to remind the taxpayers that if Harry S. Joseph had not betrayed his constituents, the Galveston plan would be now in effect.

Roosevelt is the high gyneciteus, sure enough. That is, he is laboring under that delusion at present. Perhaps, with a congress full of Smoots, Sutherlands and Howells, he could make good his claim to absolute authority over the army and navy. But not all the Republican members of the senate and house are blind; neither do they follow the president beyond constitutional limits because he happens to be temporarily their party chief. The time-serving trucklers are helping establish precedents which, if followed to their legitimate conclusion, can only end in disaster. The statesmen oppose the assumption by the president of autocratic powers. It is a fact sincerely to be deplored that Utah is represented at this critical time by three weak sisters. It's a far cry from Rawlins to Smoot.

While the Democrats are marching proudly to victory this fall and the Republicans and "Americans" are "holering their heads off" alternately, what will the poor insurgents do? Alas, and alack! The insurgent has no party and few friends.

One sweetly solemn thought has been coming to the Rev. Mr. Goshen all the week. He's got the heads of the Salt Lake city council in chancery. A few short-arm jolts may do a world of good.

The attempt of Rev. Elmer Goshen to prick the conscience of the city council will doubtless attract a large audience this morning. That any substantial result will follow the arraignment is greatly to be doubted.

"Forgive for not doing those things which we ought to have done" will be the burden of the prayer of the Republican congressmen to the voters this fall. From present indications few will escape the wrath of the people.

The Kentucky delegation to the Chicago convention, which had been confidently counted for Fairbanks, has turned up in the Taft column. The Hoosier is hoodooed.

It is presumed that John Burroughs accompanied the president to the country to aid in the classification of such nature fakers as may happen to be snared.

The failure of the Euclid Avenue Trust company at Cleveland, O., serves to prove that the Roosevelt panic has not yet run its course.

Senator Bourne of Oregon must have slipped through a crack somewhere. He has ceased to yawn about that "second elective term."

Attorney Daly has found something concealed in the street railway franchise. Who put it there?

Glasman or no representation, and Weber county Republicans preferred the latter.

## CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

**On His Way to Philadelphia.**  
(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)  
Professor Koch, the famous scientist, who has recently been making a study of the sleeping sickness, arrived in New York the other day.

**Georgia Is Not So Dry.**  
(Houston Post.)  
The warm, human strain of Frank Stanton's story indicates pretty well that he is on intimate terms with the express office.

**Is Willing to Take a Chance.**  
(Washington Post.)  
Tom Watson is going to do no worrying under the condition of the White House plumbing, at any rate.

**He Was Only Beaten a Nose.**  
(Atlanta Journal.)  
Looks as though Governor Hughes wants to trot another heat with the race track gamblers.

**May Be a Real Stretch Runner.**  
(Baltimore News.)  
Though it looks like Bryan, it is well to remember that Yonson is a good sprinter.

**Everything Else Is Adulterated.**  
(Louisville Courier-Journal.)  
Dr. Harvey Wiley says he is fond of the dead languages.

**Who?**  
(New York Sun.)  
Is it a lucid interval, or is he on the water wagon?

**WILLIE WUGGLES TOLD TOMMY.**  
(London Tit-Bits.)  
School teacher—And now that we have finished discussing the lion and the tiger, who can tell me about the lynx?

**Teacher—No'm.**  
Tommy—Then why did you raise your hand?

**Teacher—**And what made you think Willie could describe the lynx?

**Tommy—**Cause his brother's a caddie.

**NOT THAT BRAND.**  
(The Catholic Mirror.)  
"Are you studying Esperanto, Mr. Idiot?" asked the linguist.

**"I am not,"** said the idiot. "I can talk too much in English to want to."

**"It is a very fine language,"** said the linguist. "condensed, concise and easily acquired."

**"No doubt,"** said the idiot. "But I don't care for potted tongue."

## CHAMPION WAGE-EARNER OF AMERICA.



John Hays Hammond.

(New York Tribune.)  
"I would like to see Mr. Hammond." "His time is valuable, sir." "Only for a minute or two." "His time is worth \$5 a minute, sir."

"What's that? I didn't know it was so expensive." "Yes, sir, he figures it at that rate, and it costs him about 16 cents to say 'Good morning,' so he is rather careful about receiving visitors. The other day he lost \$4 listening to a joke, and the laughter amounted to 79 cents."

"Well, well, I wouldn't care to rob Mr. Hammond of his time at that rate, although I would like to shake him by the hand 10 cents' worth. It's worth while to shake hands with the leading proletarian of the country. He is a wage-earner, isn't he?"

"That's what they say, sir. He makes \$300 an hour." "Ah! I fancy that his employers give him half an hour for luncheon? No doubt they do. His day's wages must amount to about \$1,666, and in an hour and a half he earns as much as the majority of his fellow American workmen earn in a year. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir. They say he gets a \$10,000 bill every Saturday night when he quits. That's a good week's wages to take home to the wife and kids, for a fact, and it makes \$50,000 in a year. The boss thinks a lot of Mr. Hammond. He's just hired him again on a five-year contract."

This conversation is one that might have occurred between visitor and office attendant at a shop in the Empire building, 71 Broadway, where John Hays Hammond, the most expensive hired man in the United States, works for a living. The president of the United States gets \$50,000 a year. Hammond, the wage-earner, draws this amount in five weeks of toil. A few railroad and insurance presidents find \$100,000 in their annual pay envelopes. The horny-handed Hammond realizes as much in the labor of two months and a half. Some monarchs of Europe have more money than he. He is the champion breadwinner of America, but Mr. Hammond even it up with the receipt of Christmas boxes and returns from the investment of his modest savings, which altogether net him as much as his regular pay.

John Hays Hammond does not belong to any union. He has never been on a strike, and has never lost his head, though he came near losing it in the strike of 1906. Hard times do not bother him. He does not look in the want column or worry about being unemployed. In order to make himself efficient and worth to his employers the price that he gets, Mr. Hammond takes care of himself and his body as much as his other workmen. He recuperates his strength at his country estate at Gloucester, Mass., and goes and comes from there in his 200-foot yacht, manned by a crew of thirty men. He is extremely punctual and never catches him watching the clock toward the close of a five or six-hour day.

The census office has failed to publish, as it has published in the case of other American laborers, what proportion of Mr. Hammond's wages go for rent, meat, vegetables, clothes, recreation and charities, so that these interesting sociological details cannot be known with accuracy.

Mr. Hammond is distinctly in the class of skilled labor. He is a mining engineer, supposedly the best in the world. His employers, the Guggenheims, who own most of the mines and smelters on this continent, have lately re-engaged him on a five-year contract at \$500,000 a year. He agrees to continue to officiate as expert at this wage, and not to buy or exploit any mines on his own behalf, except the few trifling properties he already owns and which he has bought as much as his salary. The kind of work he does is not calculated to raise any special sweat beads on his brow. It is rarely that he leaves his shop to enter his private car, travel to a gold mine in the Rockies and take a \$100 worth of glances at a pay streak. He leaves most of that to a graded army of assistants, who enter the bowels of the earth, assay, report and again report. The last and highest report goes to Mr. Hammond, who studies it and briefly says to his employers, "Yes" or "No."

The employers implicitly trust Mr. Hammond's affirmative to mean a fortune, and his negative to mean a loss. Few of Mr. Hammond's forecasts have proved wrong. The sensational Nipissing deal, in which the Guggenheims, withdrawing from the enterprise, coolly pocketed a large sum of money, was an exceptional case where something or other failed to connect.

This leading member of the American working class, has had a picturesque career. Born in San Francisco in 1855, he was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific school at Yale in 1876 and continued metallurgical studies at a school of mines in Freiberg, Germany. He came home and became a special expert of the United States on the geological survey and mineral census, examining the gold fields of his native state. The appetite for larger pay and shorter hours first manifested itself when he took a job as superintendent of silver mines in Sonora, Mexico. Back again in California, he was consulting engineer for large railroads and iron works. In 1893 Mr. Hammond went to South Africa as consulting engineer for Barnato Brothers.

It is evident that his wages were not yet satisfactory, for when he met Cecil Rhodes at Cape Town and the gold empire builder said abruptly, "Mr. Hammond, I should like to have you make me a proposition," the expert said he would be willing to work for \$5,000 a month or \$60,000 a year, and chuck the other job. Mr. Rhodes told him to take off his coat and begin right away. The work was to map out all the gold in Africa south of the equator. Rhodes guessed that he and his fellow empire builders would get it if it was mapped, regardless of a grouchy individual named Cecil Rhodes.

Mr. Hammond slightly overstepped the bounds of wage-earning when he went to Johannesburg, and with four other men signed a letter asking Dr. Jameson to invade Boer territory and "come to our aid should a disturbance arise here." The Boers were vexed by the Jameson raid and Mr. Hammond was sentenced to death on the charge of high treason. His friends in this country made such a fuss that the sentence was commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment. Later Mr. Hammond was fined \$12,000 of his wages and released. He complained that was a high price to pay for "a little conspiracy."

After representing his syndicates in this country and England, Mr. Hammond at last found a steady job with the Guggenheim interests. It is said that he is employing his spare time Sundays and half holidays writing a book on the order of Dr. Smiles' "Self-Help," and that, among the maxims which it contains are the following:

"Time is money."  
"Do not be afraid to ask the boss for a raise."

"The successful man goes to the cashier's window with a carpetbag."  
"A \$10,000 a week laborer who squanders half his wages in drink ought to take the gold cure."

"Be content with all you can get."  
"Look out for your health, so you can continue drawing wages."

"Hire a large safe deposit vault and put away something for a rainy day."  
"Ask Carnegie what to do with the surplus."

**And Is He Sure of Harvey's Vote?**  
(Chicago Journal.)  
After a careful survey of the country, we are unable to see that Colonel George Harvey's candidate for president, Honorable Woodrow Wilson, has any states pledged to him.

**ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S READY WIT**  
The wit and humor of Archbishop Ryan is proverbial. His ready repartee is one of the assets of Philadelphia. George Barton, in the Philadelphia North American, retells these good stories about him:

The archbishop, when asked if he did not care to make some replies to a cockney English evangelist's charges, shook his head decidedly:

"Oh, no, no. I can have nothing to do with him."

"Why?" was the surprised inquiry. "Because," was the calm response, "he is the man who heartlessly gives the 'h' out of home, happiness and heaven."

\*\*\*  
The pastor of a church in one of the mining towns was examining a little boy in the presence of the archbishop. "What is matrimony?" he said, severely.

"The little fellow's eyes bulged out with fright at the suddenness with which the question was put, and then he said, mechanically:

"Matrimony is a state of punishment to which some souls are condemned to suffer for a while before they are considered good enough to go to heaven."

"Tut, tut," said the old priest, impatiently, "that's the definition to purgatory. 'Why?'"

"Let the boy alone, father," said the archbishop, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "He may be right. What do you or I know about it, anyway?"

\*\*\*  
In a lecture on crime in Ireland he told of a poor Irishman who poured into his ears such a tale of misfortune as he had never before known to be crowded into the life of any one indi-

vidual. After listening in amazement to the poor fellow's recital, Father Ryan asked:

"Well, Pat, in all your troubles did you at any time think of committing suicide?"

"Not upon myself, your reverence," came the reply.

\*\*\*  
At a banquet he was sitting next to a distinguished rabbi of the Jewish church. The two ecclesiastics were personally acquainted and had met in public on many occasions. On this particular night they indulged in some good-natured raillery at the expense of each other. Presently the archbishop, with a smile, turned to the rabbi and said:

"Rabbi, when can I help you to a piece of this delicious ham?"

The rabbi never paused for a moment, but said promptly and with a smile that would not come off:

"At your wedding, archbishop."

\*\*\*  
Wayne MacVough, counsel for President Roberts of the Pennsylvania railroad, laughingly said that Mr. Roberts, who always traveled with his counsel, could get the archbishop passes over all the railroads in the United States if in return he would give Mr. Roberts a pass to paradise. Instantly the archbishop replied: "I would do so if it were not for separating him from his counsel."

\*\*\*  
At a dinner one of the speakers said that in the part of Ireland from which he came all of the Ryans were rogues. Looking at the speaker, who is a lawyer, the archbishop said:

"It may be possible that all of the Ryans are rogues, but it is certain that all of the rogues are not Ryans."

\*\*\*  
John Talbot Smith says that on one occasion a well known and esteemed priest called upon the prelate to ask for a vacation on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absences from his parish, the archbishop could not forego the opportunity of a good-natured dig:

"The physicians say that you need a change of air, father?"

"How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month or so as a change?"

\*\*\*  
Once he remonstrated with a priest whose silk hat had seen his best days before the war.

"I would not give up that old hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the uprising of '48."

"And evidently fell on that hat," said the archbishop.

\*\*\*  
While he was a bishop in St. Louis, Mr. Ryan was approached by a friend one day, who came to him in great excitement, saying:

"Bishop, did you know that Smith had been elected to congress?"

"Oh, well," said the prelate, encouragingly, "he's young and strong—maybe he will outlive it."

**MAXIMS ON MANNERS.**  
(London Daily Mirror.)

In view of the great interest aroused by the publication in the Daily Mirror on April 3 of particulars regarding the Children's Guild of Courtesy in connection with the London county council schools, we publish today the full list of the guild's rules, as follows:

**COURTESY TO YOURSELF.**  
Be honest, truthful and pure. Do not use bad language. Keep your face and hands clean, and your clothes and boots brushed and neat. Keep out of bad company.

**COURTESY AT HOME.**  
Help your parents as much as you can. Be kind to your brothers and sisters. Do not be selfish, but share all your good things.

**COURTESY AT SCHOOL.**  
Be respectful to your teachers, and help them as much as you can. Observe the school rules. Do not copy. Do not cut the desks or write in the reading books.

Never let another be punished in mistake for yourself; this is cowardly.

**COURTESY AT PLAY.**  
Do not cheat at games. Do not bully. Be pleasant and not quarrelsome. Do not peer at or call your school-mates by names which they do not like.

**COURTESY IN THE STREET.**  
Salute your ministers, teachers and

acquaintances when you meet them, who will salute you in return. Do not push or run against people. Do not chalk on walls, doors or gates. Do not annoy shopkeepers by loitering at their shop doors or gates. Do not throw stones or destroy property. Do not throw orange peel or make slides on the pavement; this often results in dangerous accidents. Do not make fun of old or crippled people.

Be particularly courteous to strangers or foreigners.

**COURTESY EVERYWHERE.**  
Remember to say "Please" and "Thank you."

Always mind your own business. Before entering a room it is often courteous to knock at the door; do not forget to close it after you.

Always show care, pity and consideration for animals and birds. Never be rude to anybody, whether older or younger, richer or poorer than yourself.

Always show attention to older people and strangers by opening the door for them, bringing them what they require (hat, chair, etc.), giving up your seat for them if necessary.

Never interrupt when a person is speaking. Be tidy. Be punctual.

As the result of the Daily Mirror article on the subject of the guild, teachers in various schools in London and neighboring districts are now engaged in forming new branches.

**A BAD BARGAIN.**  
(The Christian Advocate.)

A story is told of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, that one day when coming back from shooting with an empty bag, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, while nearby a man was leaning on a fence watching them, Sheridan asked:

"What will you take for a shot at the ducks?"

"Well," said the man thoughtfully, "I'll take half a sovereign."

"Done," said Sheridan, and he fired into the middle of the flock, killing a dozen or more.

"I'm afraid you made a bad bargain," said Sheridan, laughing. "Know much about that, the h?"

"You don't know about that," the man replied. "They're not my ducks."

**Has the Right Idea, Anyway.**  
(Baltimore Sun.)

Governor Hughes saws wood while the others throw bricks.

## Orpheum THEATRE

ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE  
All This Week

CHAS. E. EVANS & CO.  
Presenting George Arliss' Farce, "It's Up to You, William."

**SALENO**  
The Most Deft and Dextrous of All Jugglers.

**DAISY H**